

The

Wesleyan

THE WESLEYAN

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA



APRIL
1947

THE WESLEYAN

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

Macon, Georgia



APRIL

1947

THE WESLEYAN

Staff

Editor -----	Jeanne Gerner
Associate Editor -----	Adeline Wood
Managing Editor -----	Elizabeth Harman
Assistant Managing Editor -----	Leanore Dippy
Conservatory Affiliate -----	Janice Walker
Business Manager -----	Mary Giglia
Poetry Editor -----	Betsy Hopkins
Advertising Manager -----	Sara Smith
Circulation Manager -----	Betty Jane Wheeler
Typists -----	Ruby Layson, Nina Godwin, Elizabeth Hean

THE WESLEYAN

Staff

Editor Jeanne Gerner

Associate Editor Abeline Wood

Realizing the need for organized information about the writings of contemporary and other authors, the editors of the *Wesleyan* publish a critical issue of the magazine.

Business Manager Mary Giffin

Poetry Editor Betty Hopkins

Advertising Manager Sara Smith

Circulation Manager Betty Jane Wheeler

Typists Betty Taylor, Thina Goshwin, Elizabeth Dean

CONTENTS

Jage

Contemporaries

John Dos Passos -----Jane Anne Mallet 7

Aldous Huxley -----Lamar McCaw 11

D. H. Lawrence -----Rosemary Bounds 14

F. Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe -----Betty Thompson 16

Others

Edgar Allen Poe -----Nina Godwin 21

Robert Browning -----Elizabeth Harman 23

The Best Laid Plans, Part II -----Leanore Dippy 24

JOHN DOS PASSOS

The story of the "lost generation" of American fiction writers ends with John Roderigo Dos Passos, the link between the pessimism and nihilism of the post-war period and the social-mindedness of the present. As Alfred Kazin expresses it, Dos Passos has transferred the "tragic I" of the twenties to the "tragic we" of today, the "tragic we" of modern society. Society is the theme of Dos Passos, his hero and his villain. His purpose is to show us American life—all of it if he can.

Perhaps it is strangely fitting that John Dos Passos, the grandson of a Portuguese immigrant, should choose to show us America. As a chronicler of the American scene, he has an appropriate background. He was born in Chicago, January 14, 1896, a product of the various racial strains in the melting pot of America. His grandfather was a shoemaker in Philadelphia, and Dos Passos referred to his lawyer father as a "self-made literate." John Roderigo saw quite a bit of the world as a boy. He attended a private school in England for a while and lived with his family in Belgium, Mexico, Washington, D. C., and on a farm in Virginia, his mother's native state. In 1916, he was graduated *cum laude* from Harvard University.

The First World War interrupted his study of architecture in Spain, and Dos Passos volunteered for service with the United States Ambulance Service. Out of his experiences as an ambulance driver came his first book, published in 1917, *One Man's Initiation*. Critics have called this highly subjective, semi-autobiographical story of a young dilettante who drives an ambulance and admires cathedrals "as plotless as a diary" and callow and inexpert. But his *Three Soldiers*, which was published in 1921, was regarded as one of the most powerful in-

dictments of war. Soldiers are not heroes, John Andrews, the chief figure in the book, discovers. War is not glory; it may be boredom and slavery and brutality. Andrews deserts. Dos Passos was one of the first to treat war with utter realism and disillusionment. There had been Stephen Crane, of course, but Crane's war was imagined while Dos Passos had seen his.

Three Soldiers was written in Spain. It was there, also, in 1922 that Dos Passos wrote his beautiful travel book, *Rosinante To the Road Again*, a Don Quixotic-like account of the author's Telemachus search. In 1923, another novel appeared, *Streets of Night*. The critics called this study in the lives of three Boston young people "arty," "vague," and "ineffectual." Joseph Warren Beach suggests that perhaps the novel was written earlier and dragged out of the author's barrel after the success of *Three Soldiers*.

In 1925, *Manhattan Transfer* was published, and John Dos Passos took his place among the outstanding American novelists. Paul Elmer More denounced the book as "an explosion in a cesspool." Others regarded it as the "Rhapsody in Blue of American Fiction." At any rate, it was new, an experiment, something America had not seen before. True, Dos Passos was a part of the whole stream of realism and naturalism. He was influenced by Gertrude Stein, by James Joyce, by Virginia Woolf, and perhaps by T. S. Eliot. But no one had represented the chaos, the mechanical force, the crazy pace, the multitude that is metropolitan life before. The novel has themes rather than plot. Its characters are unrelated except in the relation they hold mutually to the machine city. Since the author must remain aloof from the story to give an objective picture, he makes his

comments in the chapter headings and in the prose poems prefixed to each chapter. There are such heading as "Dollars," "Revolving Doors," and "Skyscrapers," "Steam Roller," "Roller Coaster," continual reminders of the machine-monster city and its hold over its victims. The prose poems build up the physical background of Manhattan. Dos Passos writes the story as if he were a newspaper reporter, but he goes behind the headlines to expose the heart of the city.

Dos Passos has not confined his creative ability to the novel. Besides *Rosinante To The Road Again*, his travel books include *Orient Express*, *In All Countries*, and *Journeys Between Wars*. The true aesthetic-poetic tempament of Dos Passos is demonstrated in his book of verse, published in 1922, *A Pushcart To The Curb*. He has also experimented with drama, having written *The Garbage Man* (1926), *Airways, Inc.* (1929), and *Fortune Heights* (1934).

Meanwhile, Dos Passos was becoming deeply socially conscious. His sympathy for and interest in the "little man" was broadening. First, he became interested in the Soviet Union, later, the Spanish Civil War, then the Kentucky miners. In Russia, he was hailed as the proletarian novelist, but Dos Passos refused to ally himself with any party. To those who called him "Red" he replied, "I'm merely an old-fashioned believer in liberty, equality, fraternity."

The humanitarian cause which most profoundly influenced his life and work was the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Dos Passos, unlike so many of the liberal intellectuals of his time, refused to be merely aroused by the martyrdom of the two Italians. He worked for months for them outside Charleston Prison. He was arrested for his participation in a demonstration before the Boston State House. When the bat-

tle was lost, he described the trial in his haunting pamphlet, *Facing the Chair*. The case gave Dos Passos the inspiration for his greatest work, the trilogy, *U. S. A.* Alfred Kazin writes, "It transformed his growing irritable but persistently romantic obsession with the poet's struggle against the world into a use of the class struggle as his base in art. The Sacco-Vanzetti case gave him, in a word, the beginnings for a formal conception of society; and out of the bitter realization that this society could grind two poor Italian anarchists to death for their opinion, came the conception of the two nations, the two Americas that is the scaffolding of *U. S. A.*"

It is difficult to criticize a work as gigantic as is *U. S. A.* in concept and scope. Technically it is one of the greatest achievements in the realm of the modern novel. It is the first national epic and has been welcomed by many as the long awaited "Great American Novel." The purpose of the book is to give us a slice of America, a slice about which many of us know little or nothing. In the introduction to the novel, he writes:

"U. S. A. is a slice of a continent. U. S. A. is a group of holding companies, some aggregations of trade unions, a set of laws bound in calf, a radio network, a chain of moving picture theaters, a column of stock quotations rubbed out and written in by a Western Union boy on a blackboard, a public library full of old newspapers and dogeared history books with protests scrawled on the margin in pencil. U. S. A. is the world's greatest river valley fringed with mountains and hills, U. S. A. is a set of bigmouthed officials with too many bank accounts. U. S. A. is a lot of men buried in their uniforms in Arlington Cemetery. U. S. A. is the letter at the end of an address when you are away from home. But mostly U. S. A. is the speech of the people."

Depicting a slice of a continent is no mean ambition. To represent the mass scene, Dos Passos plays dozens of human stories against each other. The novel is arranged on four levels, the narrative proper, "The Camera Eye," the "Biographies," and the "Newsreel." The Camera Eye is Dos Passos' method for putting himself into the novel. The Newsreel sections, made up of headlines and popular songs, sound the time. The Biographies tell the story of the American leaders of the period. There are other minor devices: the rapidity of the narratives, the coined words, the run-together phrases. The devices, however, though giving background, are outside the story. The straightforward, concrete, objective narratives are U. S. A. Such a style might seem artificial and mechanical, but Dos Passos has woven the parts so skilfully into the frame that the result is a comprehensive "slice of America."

The trilogy begins with *The 42nd Parallel*, published in 1930. The 42nd parallel is the parallel of New York, Washington, Chicago, Fargo, North Dakota. Newsreel announces the turn of the century. Appropriate to the new century is the youth of the five principal figures. There is Mac, the son of a Connecticut factory worker, who becomes interested in the I. W. W. and the revolutionary movement. Mac's youth of futile wandering, unrest, marital discord, drink, politics, Red journals, represents the emergence of the new labor force. We find him last in Mexico, his youthful fervor gone, living with a Mexican girl and keeping a radical bookstore. J. Ward Morehouse represents American opportunism. The son of a station agent in Wilmington, Delaware, he finds that he has a genius for promotion and that he can get somewhere by knowing the right people and by marrying the wealthiest ones. When he divorces his first wife, whom he finds to be no better than a pedigreed prostitute, he feels he de-

serves financial compensation. He becomes an advertising expert and a promoter, working against the influence of labor. When the War comes, he offers his services to the Red Cross for his own selfish ends and becomes publicity director. Janey Williams, daughter of a retired tow-boat captain of Georgetown, is seeking security and respectability. She would shyly like to be on the inside of things, and she finds her measure of relative happiness in slaving as secretary to Morehouse. Eleanor Stoddard hates the Chicago of her father and the stock yards. She studies at the art institute to escape the grossness, the ugliness. She finds a friend in Eveline Hutchins, the daughter of Unitarian minister, with whom she goes into the interior decorating business. In New York, Eleanor decorates the Morehouse home and forms a friendship with J. Ward of which his second wife is suspicious. Last introduced is Charlie Anderson, the son of a boarding-house keeper in Fargo. The declaration of war ends the story.

The devices, Newsreel, The Camera Eye, and Biography, are particularly effective in *The 42nd Parallel*. Newsreel reports faithfully the attempts of the wobblers, the shady politics, the flag-waving nationalism of the time. Camera Eye gives the period through the eyes of Dos Passos, the child. Biography presents the outstanding figures of the age, men like Andrew Carnegie, Burbank, Edison, Steinmetz, Big Bill Haywood, and William Jennings Bryan, the magnates, the wonder men, the rebels. *The 42nd Parallel* is a searching study of pre-war America, its youth, its injustice, its disillusionment, and finally its decadence.

The next novel of the trilogy, 1919, is a study, not of youth, but of defeat and death. It is the story of World War I. The Camera Eye looks at the world through the eyes of Dos Passos, the ambulance driver. The Biographies

are all stories of death and defeat from Joe Hill to Woodrow Wilson. To the characters of *The 42nd Parallel* are added Joe Williams, Janey's sailor brother, Richard Ellsworth Savage, a disillusioned idealist, and Daughter, a naive, lively Texas girl. Richard has become a captain in France. He meets Daughter, a Red Cross worker, with whom he has an affair. He doesn't want to spoil his career by marrying her. Daughter, instead of bearing his child, is killed in a plane crash. Eleanor Stoddard and Eveline Hutchins are also in Paris vying for the affection of Morehouse. Ben Compton, a New York radical, is introduced in 1919. He is one of the few characters who holds either the author's sympathy or ours, but we soon find him in prison in Atlanta. 1919 strips all glamor from war. It has been a means of victimizing a simple seaman like Joe, an idealist like Ben, and a gay, fun-loving Daughter. It has been a target for exploitation for Morehouse and a series of travels and drinks for Evelyn, Eleanor, and Savage. The death theme is climaxed in the impassioned, bitter prose poem, "The Body of An American," the story of the Unknown Soldier. 1919 ends with the pathetic, futile gesture, "Woodrow Wilson bought a bouquet of poppies."

The Big Money, the last of the trilogy, tears the cover off the bloated, grasping, artificial post-war decade. We meet again Charlie Anderson, who might have been a "good guy" and a good mechanic and a good airplane pilot if he hadn't lost himself in the wild chase for the big money. Morehouse and Savage are well fitted to the dollar era. Then, there is Margo Dowling, the selfish opportunist who uses Anderson's money as a stepping stone to Hollywood. Margo, by sleeping with the right people, becomes a movie queen. There is one likable character, Mary French, a social worker and Bolshevik sympathizer, who works on the Sacco-Vanzetti

case. But Mary, is defeated, not only by the society of grasping, money-mad capitalists and tool politicians and college presidents and indifferent little people who make martyrs of two innocent Italians, but also by her fellow party member, Don Stevens, with whom she is in love. Ben Compton, the Jewish Socialist, who was imprisoned for his beliefs, meets no better fate. The party to which he has devoted himself expels him.

What is U. S. A. anyway? Is it the glitter of Margo's Hollywood? The sordid hopelessness of Mary French's mine workers? The ruthless capitalism of Henry Ford? The little people—Sacco and Vanzetti, maybe? The Camera Eye says we are two nations:

"all right we are two nations America our nation has been beaten by strangers who have bought the laws and fenced off the meadows and cut down the woods for pulp and turned our pleasant cities into slums and sweated the wealth out of our people and when they want to they hire the executioner to throw the switch we stand defeated America"

And Vag, a nameless young man, stands on an American highway, a homeless, hopeless transient, who read a school book promising "opportunity." Overhead there flies a transcontinental air liner whose passengers think "contracts," "profits," "vacations." All right, we are defeated; we are two nations!

It has been said that U. S. A. is the saddest book ever written.

Dos Passos' latest novel, published in 1939, *Adventures of a Young Man*, was considered slight by most critics in comparison with his great trilogy. However, Dos Passos is still a rebel against the social order. The novel is a satire on the American radical movement as it has come under the sway of Communism. The last despairing cry of the disillusioned, former Communist hero, imprisoned by the Spanish

Loyalists, is, "I, Glenn Spotswood, being of sound mind and imprisoned body, do bequeath to the international working-class my hope of a better world."

In very recent years Dos Passos has continued his crusade through magazine articles, essays, and such non-fiction as *No. 1*, *The State of the Nation*, and *The Ground We Stand On*. He was awarded the John Guggenheim Memorial Foundation fellowship in 1939 and again in 1940 for his essays on the basis of present American conceptions of freedom of thought.

Personally, Dos Passos is anything but the sophisticated, cynical modern writer. He lives quietly on Cape Cod with his wife, Katherine Smith Dos Passos, a writer for women's magazines. He spends his time writing, sailing, and swimming. He is enthusiastic, polite, and too shy to speak over the radio.

John Dos Passos has been censured as often as he has been praised. He has been banned as

crude and indecent by some, as a dangerous radical by others. Some critics have denounced his style as mechanical, his characters as unreal types, his point of view as biased. Perhaps this criticism is valid in so far as U. S. A. is concerned. But society to Dos Passos is an evil machine. If the people are not cogs in it, they are crushed by it. In representing such a machine, the style Dos Passos has chosen seems more than appropriate; it is genius. Dos Passos comes nearer socialism than any modern writer, but unlike most radicals, he has the insight to see the danger to individual integrity in a socialist scheme. He has not given the answer. He has merely stated the problem. Perhaps Joseph Warren Beach best sums up the purpose of Dos Passos when he writes, "If Dos Passos is not himself a prophet of the good life, he is most emphatically the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

JANE ANNE MALLET

ALDOUS HUXLEY

When discussing Aldous Huxley or any of his many and varied works, it is impossible to ignore his cultural and scientific heritage. The grandson of Thomas Huxley, one of the greatest scientists and one of the sturdiest minds England ever produced; son of Leonard Huxley, a professor of Greek; nephew of the novelist Mrs. Humphrey Ward; brother of Julian Huxley, the noted biologist; Aldous Huxley has been literally surrounded by great minds. It is the combination of this scientific and literary background with his poetic nature that composes his originality.

Huxley's mother died when he was eleven years old, and his aunt, Mrs. Humphrey Ward,

became his guardian and the main influence in his life. His education was not out of the ordinary stream of English custom. Following his formal education at Eton and Balliol, he traveled in Italy, France, and Belgium. His stay in France had a lasting effect, greatly influencing the style of his early works.

From his writings, with their wide variety of form and subject matter, Huxley appears to be a combination man of the highest intelligence and widest knowledge, very amusing when he chooses to be, an artist in words and phrases, an ingenious innovator in the construction of a novel, a critic of fine taste, a paradoxical and brilliant essayist with a fund of unflinching accu-

rate knowledge. An ardent, perhaps too zealous, peruser of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, he is inclined to dissect objectively the passions and sentiments of his characters, often favoring a shaky scientific theory to a woman in tears or a mystic at prayer. The ordinary man is the only one missing from his books.

Because of his scientific background, Huxley clearly conceives the universe as a whole, the relation of man to animals and to circumstances, the perpetually crossing actions and reactions. Yet his artistic temperament is sensitive to the poetry of historic unity. In his works is a conscious and intended combination of science and poetry. As Maurois said, "His novels are well constructed in a musical way." As Beethoven created a symphony, so Huxley writes a novel, moving from mood to mood. The theme is stated, developed, pushed out of shape imperceptibly deformed until, though still recognizably the same it is quite different.

In his early works, Huxley shows the influence which his sojourn in France had upon his literary style. As was the French custom at the time, in both *Crome Yellow* and *Limbo*, the author chooses a nice country estate setting and places in it his characters—men of learning, sensualists or pleasantly ridiculous. Controlled from far above by the author, these persons carry on conversations professing science; plot is lacking. For some time Huxley continued writing in this strain. Then came *Point Counter Point*.

Point Counter Point is the first of Huxley's books which is on a higher plane, yet it still retains many French characteristics. There is no plot. The author presents, rather, a cross-section of contemporary intellectuals; writers, scientists, painters, men and women of fashion. Through them are made visible the beliefs and emotional reactions, the comic aspects of the English intelligentsia of 1926. The people all

converse remarkably and discuss the most important subjects sparkingly, but somehow the characters never stop talking brilliantly in order to live, to suffer, to be as we are. Here, too, Huxley sometimes ruins the effect he is trying to create by a too persistent presentation of his scientific and encyclopedic knowledge. For example, we are introduced to Marjorie Carling who finds herself pregnant and about to be deserted by her lover, Walter Bidlake. Just as one is starting to sympathize with her, the discussion of her pregnancy suddenly becomes a biological dissertation. However interesting the scientific facts may be, one may be sure Marjorie was not contemplating her plight from this viewpoint. The sudden shift from one plane to another checks the reader's emotion in a disturbing and disappointing way. Again, in Lord Tantamount's reaction to a concert, one is led into a long lecture on physics and physiology. As a result, the reader often finds himself inclined to curse that very knowledge which is so important a factor in Huxley's originality.

To me, however, the most interesting and intensely sincere part of Huxley's work is not in his proffering of scientific facts, nor in the poetic and musical construction of his novels; it lies in his groping and seeking for a religious faith compatible with his genius and his conception of life. It becomes apparent in *Point Counter Point* that he regards human nature as fated to wretchedness—another form of the doctrine of original sin. He is unable to believe that good can reside within the framework of flesh and desire. Before he advocated celibacy, he thought of love as lust. His sensuality has always been heartless, cruel, and selfish; hence, sexual disgust seems to have led him to mysticism. In his most recent novel, *Time Must Have a Stop*, his religious theory is reaching its culmination, and in *The Perennial Philosophy* he clearly sets forth the tenets of mystic faith.

In *Time Must Have a Stop*, one meets all the typical Huxleyan characters. Sebastian Barnack, the young poet with the face of a Della Robbia angel, leaves his strict home for Florence, to visit his Uncle Eustace, a pleasant old swine from the sty of Epicurus. He arrives to find Eustace, a wealthy art collector with a failing heart, (in inimitable Huxley fashion) listening on the phone to Laurina, his ex-mistress, read aloud from his old love letters while he absentmindedly strokes his current amour Mimi. During the next few days, Sebastian is introduced to the various other characters occupying assorted Huxleyan positions—Mrs. Gamble, the firm believer in spiritualism; Mrs. Thwale, the sensual companion of Eustace's aged mother-in-law; Bruno Dontini, the book-seller whose lot it is to present Huxley's crystalized religious views and to act as the lasting influence on Sebastian's life.

Several evenings after Sebastian's arrival, Uncle Eustace, suffering from pangs of indigestion, goes to the bathroom to obtain a remedy and dies there of a heart attack. Mrs. Gamble decides to hold a seance in order to communicate with Eustace who is floating around in a void ("—in an all-pervading silence that shone and was alive. Beautiful with more than the beauty of even Mozart's music—") still suffering from digestive disorders. He was still faced with the spiritual problems that had dogged him on earth. This same idea is again expressed by Dontini who claims that death will not save a man from the choice between flesh and spirit, because the same choice will confront him in the hereafter. In his increasing mysticism, Huxley rejects democracy, all organized activities for the betterment of man, reverence for the past, as well as faith in the future, self-reliance, organized religions, humanity. He seeks a direct knowledge of God; and after knowledge, union. Somewhat like the Hindu conception of

Nirvana is Huxley's theory—no thought, no reflection, no wish, no memory, no hope, past or future, but only the eternal present, the thought of God.

In a not too satisfactory epilogue, Huxley shows the reader the influence that the poor little book-seller exercised on Sebastian. The outbreak of World War II finds him applying Dontini's theories to the world situation. He believes that only by a religion shared by East and West can peace be insured. World reform can be instigated only by the individual soul who can enter the "Divine Ground" only by a regime of selflessness and contemplation.

"But thought's the slave of life, and life's time's fool,

And time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop."

"It is by deliberately paying our primary allegiance to eternity that we can prevent time from turning our lives into pointless or diabolic foolery." Such is Huxley's religion as expressed in *Time Must Have a Stop*.

In his most recent work, *The Perennial Philosophy*, Huxley sets forth in more concrete form his theories of mysticism supported by illustrations from Eckhart, Lao-Tzu, William Laro, and other famous mystics. The book is designed as a manual of man's relationship to God, based on three fundamental principles. First, God is immanent and transcendent—the whole of which all things, especially man, are a part. Secondly, man's great potentiality and purpose is to achieve union with the whole. Thirdly, man can achieve such union only by ruthlessly eliminating all human desires and illusions of separate self, letting the divine element work and grow within him. But for those who have accepted the Perennial Philosophy, "heaven" is not exclusively a posthumous condition. Only he who is delivered here and now is completely saved.

Thus from the fatalistic skeptic of his early works, Huxley, through his disgust with what he considers a hopeless world, has developed into a mystic. Yet, as it has been said, "No

man can be a complete mystic and still remain on this earth, a part of humanity."

LAMAR McCaw

D. H. LAWRENCE

"He sees more than a human being ought to see." This sentence is the core of D. H. Lawrence in his life as well as in his words. For Lawrence was born with a gift of sensitivity that made him aware of much more in the conventional environment than the society of this age makes allowances for. This awareness of his accounts for the antagonism which many readers feel upon reading Lawrence and for the fascination with which other readers regard him. Lawrence inhabited a different world from other men, a brighter and intenser world. As Huxley states it, "He looked at things with the eyes of a man who had been at the brink of death and to whom, as he emerges from the darkness, the world reveals itself as unfathomably beautiful and mysterious."

One cannot say that Lawrence was born before his time, that he might receive the appreciation due him in another more distant age; for Lawrence himself is without the limits of any progress which our present civilization heads toward. At least he is beyond, to the side of, the ideals, theories and standards of society as the average man understands it. Lawrence did not seek a new form of social organization as a revolutionary. He could see through all

orders, systems or programs as the mere reshuffling of a worn and fruitless way of being. Lawrence was on a voyage of discovery into newness and otherness. He groped below the shams and protective covers of culture to worship the mystery of life, the darkness of the soul.

"My great religion," he wrote in 1912, "is a belief in the blood, the flesh as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true." To interpret these words in the sense that Lawrence was an anti-intellectual and uninhibited is to interpret them falsely. Lawrence fought the intellectual perversions of man which led him to cover himself with a shell and lose his individuality in the pretenses of society. Lawrence did not advocate a new way of thinking. Lawrence's "great religion" was a different way of experiencing life. He wished to puncture the hood that covers man's senses, man's soul and allow him to feel, to be aware.

Lawrence was supremely conscious of his environment. He could project himself into the skin of a snake or the shell of a turtle and describe the animal's most intimate feelings in his poetry. Lawrence's characters in his novels

are reflections of his own personality. He does not draw them as people actually are. They see and feel more than other people see and feel. He draws them as he would have been in their places. His characters live almost entirely in a struggle of instincts as Lawrence himself did. He presents the "mother-complex" that haunted his own life in *Sons and Lovers*. After his marriage, Lawrence began to portray the clash of wills between lovers as he felt it in his own marriage and a dark pagan-like conception of love which disturbs many readers of *The Rainbow*. Lawrence has been branded as a death worshipper, as a negator of our life energies, especially for his characterization of Gerald in *Women in Love*. He has been misinterpreted. Lawrence worshipped life more intensely than most of mankind. He was, however, always aware of the dark, mysterious forces which hover outside the wall of light around life. He was able to make life more brilliant by this awareness.

Lawrence presents his central theme in all his works, no matter how variegated and prolific his writings were. His characters in fiction, his travel descriptions, his poetry, his essays all convey a new and different form of consciousness. This consciousness is a sense of the beauty of the world and of the relationships between men interpreted by the individual personality who has escaped the repressions of convention. Lawrence's message is most clearly presented in *Lady Chatterly's Lover* but with-

out the burning descriptions that contain his ideas in the earlier works. Mellors of *Lady Chatterly's Lover* is the solitary man, the common man who lives in nature, who is free of social commitment and who is sure of his sexual strength. Mellors as such represents the godhead of man that Lawrence worshipped and longed to repeople the earth with.

Lawrence has been attacked often on the grounds of his sexual ideas. These ideas are usually criticized by those who have read Lawrence with an eye peeled to discover the shocking and sensational. His words have been misinterpreted and used by the vulgar to advance theories of every type of sexual perversion. Lawrence does not advance any of these theories. He consecrated sex, holding an almost religious awe for the meanings he found in love. However it must not be overlooked that Lawrence did find an entirely new meaning to physical love. He used these new meanings as the core of his message.

Lawrence has been characterized as a writer of extraordinary courage. His gift was his fate. Lawrence had to express himself. His talent demanded expression and grasped him up in its vitality. Lawrence also requires a reader of courage. A reader who is able to withstand the blows he deals our most sensitive spots in order to emerge with a more beautiful, more intense consciousness of the world about him.

ROSEMARY BOUNDS

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD AND THOMAS WOLFE

Nowhere in contemporary fiction is the tragic fallacy of the Alger-Adler success legend so forcibly demonstrated as in the lives and work of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe. Every few months some erudite critic in one of the quarterly reviews comes out with the startling revelation that Fitzgerald or Wolfe was dominated by the desire for success, a fact which neither of the two novelists ever made the slightest attempt to conceal.

Even before they died, Fitzgerald and Wolfe had assumed legendary proportions in their personal and literary quests for the fair Medusa fame. No others had explored with such minuteness of detail the search of the American literary genius for success. The recurrence of this motivation in every phase of their lines and in every chapter of their novels indicates a spiritual kinship closer and deeper than that of any other two American writers of their generation.

To become a legend before death is often an uncomfortable and unenviable state. Neither Fitzgerald nor Wolfe could say or do anything to dispel the legends that they had helped to create about themselves. Wolfe's legend was that of the Paul Bunyan-Gulliver school. He was a gargantuan boy who ate, drank, and whored the earth, a 6' 7" giant who had enormous gastronomical, sexual and literary appetites. His loneliness was greater, his love was greater, his genius was greater than that of the ordinary man. Henry Miller in reviewing "Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother" describes him, "alone, misshapen, misunderstood. A misfit. A giant for whom a toothache assumes the proportions of a tragedy. Something to write home about."¹

Time and again critics have charged him with being little more than a glorified news reporter who recorded in graphic detail unadorned by creative imagination the factual and emotional events of his lusty life. They give credence to the myth that he wrote all of his books standing up, using the top of a refrigerator as a work table and a ledger in lieu of manuscript paper.

The pattern of the Fitzgerald legend was a little different. He was an age rather than a man—the silver flask, the raccoon coat, the bars and beaches of America and Europe, the Roaring Twenties of the rich. He was tagged the "Chronicler of the Jazz Age," and he himself wrote in "The Crack Up," "the present writer already looks back to it with nostalgia. It bore him up, flattered him and gave him more money than he dreamed of, simply for letting people know that he felt as they did, that something had to be done with all the nervous energy stored up and unexpended in the war."

This tendency of the critics to regard Wolfe and Fitzgerald as legendary boys, one a giant obsessed with his own genius and the other a beautiful and damned darling of the rich, is particularly conspicuous in Alfred Kazin's critical interpretation of American prose, "On Native Grounds." He says of Wolfe, "He went roaring through a world he had never made and which he never fully understood; a gargantuan boy (they told him he was different and he believed it; they told him he was queer and he affirmed it)." And of Fitzgerald he says, "Fitzgerald's world is a little one, a superior boy's world—precocious in its wisdom, precocious in its tragedy."

It is true that a limited range of characters and settings to record aspiration, struggle, and failure is common to both Fitzgerald and

1. Henry Miller, "Mother and Son," *The Nation*, June 5, 1943.

Wolfe. Fitzgerald's world was that of a certain class, the rich, lazy-living, hollow and beautiful people who for all their futility were capable of exhibiting evidences of grandeur and reality. The universe of Thomas Wolfe was that of the "I" and the "Enemy World," as Kazin has defined it, the sensitive young artist in conflict with his environment.

With the possible exception of their posthumous novels, Wolfe and Fitzgerald avoided any pretense of understanding or of evaluating the society they depicted as do those propagandist novelists who are essentially philosophers, sociologists, or economists. Selection of material itself, of course, implies evaluation and interpretation, but Fitzgerald and Wolfe were chiefly historians who sometimes tried to penetrate beneath the surface as psychologists do.

Both suffered as well as benefited from being so completely of their time and country, Fitzgerald perhaps more than Wolfe. A sense of time and environment and minuteness of recollection has caused widely differing critics to compare each of the two writers to Marcel Proust.

To understand the works of either Fitzgerald or Wolfe without a full understanding of the character of the man is impossible. Both in their novels and in the essays they have written about their craft, they tell us that the dominating idea of their lives was that of success. That the pattern, for all its variations, was so closely parallel in the two men is the unique thing. The origins of this theme go back to their earliest schooling.

With Fitzgerald it was perhaps, as Arthur Mizener said in his accurate analysis in the *Sewanee Review* for Winter, 1946, the pressure of an exclusive Eastern preparatory school and Princeton on a sensitive Mid-westerner, perhaps too much of Henry and others in spiri-

tual literature, and possibly an absorption of the whole American spirit.

And with Wolfe it was the story of the son of the stone-cutter and the boarding-house keeper who goes to college feeling inferior before the moneyed, small town snobs and ashamed of feeling inferior to those to whom he was superior. Just as Wolfe resented the taunts of the sons of wealthy and smug Presbyterians who jeered at him at Sunday School for selling the *Saturday Evening Post*, Fitzgerald has been said to have been followed all of his life by the fact that he was the poorest boy in a rich boys' school.

Nor was it just in the obvious and outward reactions and compensations that Wolfe and Fitzgerald felt alike. Fitzgerald speaks of "my first childish love of myself, my belief that I would never die like other people, and I wasn't the son of my parents but son of a king, a king who ruled the whole world."² So Wolfe has Eugene Gant dreaming that he is the son of a visiting prince instead of a tombstone salesman. Amory Blaine, Fitzgerald's first hero, strolled the streets of Minneapolis wondering how the throngs of people could fail to notice that he was a boy marked for glory. Eugene Gant in Wolfe's first novel went joyously into the dark, howling wind on his early morning paper route in Altamont dreaming his dreams of fame and love. These fictional boys dreamed the dreams of young Scott Fitzgerald of St. Paul and young Tom Wolfe of Asheville. "Eugene wanted two things all men want: he wanted to be loved and he wanted to be famous."³ And "Victory and love. In all of his swarming fantasies he saw himself like this—unbeaten and beloved. But moments of clear vision returned to him when

2. F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*, Scribners, New York, 1920, p. 43.

3. Thomas Wolfe, *Look Homeward Angel*, Scribners, New York, 1929, p. 108.

all the misery and defeat of his life was revealed."⁴

Born to fairly well-to-do parents in St. Paul on Sept. 24, 1896, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald early in life began to weave fantasies around the Hill Mansion, only two blocks but a good many million dollars away from his home on Summit Avenue.⁵ Four years later on October 3, 1900, Thomas Wolfe was born in Asheville, N. C., the son of a lusty, rhetorical stone-cutter and a talkative, acquisitive, and driving mother, the prototypes of Wolfe's two most memorable characters, William Oliver and Eliza Gant. Like Fitzgerald, Wolfe's earliest memories were woven around the wealthy people on the hill, in his case the Asheville branch of the Vanderbilt family.

The emotional tensions and social conflicts of middle-class American childhood and youth are recreated imaginatively from the experiences of Wolfe and Fitzgerald in the stories written about Eugene Gant and Basil Lee. As boys both read the Horatio Alger stories and reveled in dreams of conquering the world and becoming successful and rich.

In the fall of 1913 Fitzgerald went to Princeton filled with a talented and sensitive boy's magnification of desire to succeed. When Thomas Wolfe entered the University of North Carolina in 1915, he, too, was determined to leave his stamp upon his college campus. With characteristic determination and passion, they entered the race for campus honors and social recognition. They were out to become the Big Men on Campus.

With pale skin, hard green eyes, and yellow hair, Scott Fitzgerald had an oddness of appearance that set him apart from his fellows as decisively as did Tom Wolfe's small, deli-

cately featured dark face topping a towering six-and-one-half foot tall frame.

They achieved the success they so earnestly desired, but Fitzgerald tired of his Cottage Club and Wolfe of his fraternity. Now they turned actively to literature, becoming editors of campus publications, Fitzgerald of the Princeton literary magazine and Wolfe of the *Tar Heel* and the *Carolina Magazine*. Already they felt genius surge in them and remarked to their friends that they were going to be among the greatest writers who ever lived. Naive though these statements may have been, they were in the nature of prophecy.

Fitzgerald was four years older than Wolfe, and his subsequent army service set him somewhat apart. His failure to get overseas and have the glorious military career of his childhood dreams was one of the worst griefs of his life. Brooding over such dead and buried griefs as this long after he had reached maturity was to bring on the crack-up that he was to describe in such tragic and graphic detail, and to arouse the disgust of less self-conscious writers, such as his friend Dos Passos.

When he was discharged from the army, Fitzgerald was confronted with the problem that Wolfe and every man in a material world who finds himself with an artistic talent has to face. "Should he sacrifice those early years when he would be accomplishing so much in a trade or a profession, to the development of an ability which in the end might turn out to be mediocre—or what was even worse, be so great that it could not earn him a living?"⁶

The young men of the post World War I period thought advertising was the most glamorous and acceptable substitute for real writing. Scott Fitzgerald worked for \$90 a month by an advertising agency so that he could rent a

4. Ibid. p. 204.

5. Arthur Mizener, "Scott Fitzgerald and the Imaginative Possession of American Life," *Sewanee Review*, Winter, 1946.

6. Thomas Surgrue, "Thomas Wolfe Looks Homeward," *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 29, 1943.

stuffy apartment for two in the Bronx. The beautiful Alabama debutante, Zelda Sayre, became realistic about the incompatibility of love and poverty and suggested that their engagement be broken. Fitzgerald feeling himself only mediocre at advertising and completely unable to become a writer spent his last penny on a drunk and went home to St. Paul. There he re-wrote the novel he had been working on during his army career. To recover prestige lost by poverty which almost kept him from marrying the girl he loved, F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote "This Side of Paradise." The novel made him, and Zelda Sayre married him—a success story which Mizener says had all the gold and glitter of the myths.

Describing himself, Fitzgerald wrote that the closeness of his failure to achieve love and fame would make him ever distrustful and re-selfful toward those who had by birth what was required for his happiness. Life he defined as a scramble for success, a fight against great odds and in which money was, if not an end, at least a powerful ally. Fitzgerald said, "I must hold in balance the sense of futility of effort and the sense of the necessity to struggle; the conviction of the inevitability of failure and still the determination to succeed."⁷

Wolfe upon graduation from Chapel Hill in 1920 entered Harvard where he studied play-writing under Dr. George Pierce Baker in his famous 47 Workshop, striving for success in a field the limitations of which made success impossible for him from the start. Wolfe's studies were made possible by real estate ventures of the mother whose idea of capitalized success was so repugnant to him. Part of his intense desire for recognition and fame grew out of his sense of gratitude and debt to the mother who continued to support him whenever he needed extra money for European trips. Even after Wolfe

took his Master's at Harvard and went reluctantly to teach at New York University, Julia Wolfe sent him money.

It is a criticism of American life that a genius such as Wolfe was continually plagued by a lack of money and had to accept a position he disliked and was unsuited for by temperament merely to eat, clothe inadequately his gigantic frame, and sleep on a hard cot that was too short for him.

During the last half of the Twenties while Wolfe was still struggling with his classes at N.Y.U. and writing on his book at night, Fitzgerald and his Zelda were abroad living what seemed to be the life of freedom and culture but which turned out to be "seven years of waste and tragedy."

Wolfe never attained the enormous and immediate success that came to Fitzgerald with the publication of "This Side of Paradise," although Wolfe's first novel is considered by many critics his best, and Fitzgerald's was what Edmund Wilson, his "intellectual conscience," said of it at the time, "one of the most illiterate books of any merit ever published . . . It is . . . overloaded with boyish ideas and fake references."⁸ Yet it set the tempo for the Jazz Age and began to provide the money which the "Beautiful and Damned" and his innumerable short stories would replenish by 1922.

"Look Homeward, Angel" was published in 1929. Though not a phenomenal financial success, the royalties from it and the aid he received from a Guggenheim Fellowship allowed Wolfe to retire from his teaching position and devote all his time to writing and travelling. Wolfe had less than ten years of "success" as compared with Fitzgerald's twenty, yet the time length was sufficient for a like realization of the disillusionment which was to follow the culmination of the childish dreams.

7. Fitzgerald, loc cit.

8. Mizener, op. cit.

"The Great Gatsby," Fitzgerald's completed work, which was published in 1925, symbolizes the author's own conflict and confusion about success and represented in microcosm American life. As Andrews Manning has pointed out, the grandeur and pathos of Gatsby are all lavished on a "vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty unworthy of the emotion that cannot discover a loftier ideal. It is noticeable that the auditors clearly and even Gatsby himself dimly are aware of the corruption concealing his incorruptible dream."⁹ In reference to Gatsby, Fitzgerald wrote to John Peale Bishop "Gatsby started out as one man I knew and then changed into myself."¹⁰

But Gatsby is not merely a mask for Scott Fitzgerald, despite the author's identity with his subject. Wolfe found as Gatsby and Fitzgerald that dreams are nobler and finer than the attempts at materializing them. "The tragedy of Gatsby was a fable for his America; it is not I should say, by any means dead yet."¹¹

Dos Passos said in an eulogizing article in the *New Republic* when Fitzgerald died that if there is such a thing as a classic "The Great Gatsby" is that thing. But after this book, which T. S. Eliot said was the first step American fiction had taken since Henry James, Fitzgerald produced only two books in fifteen years. He turned out hundreds of short stories, many of them only skillful hack work.

"Tender Is the Night," 1933, was an ambitious, but brilliant failure depicting the further delight and disillusionment of the age with which Fitzgerald had become one. Structurally imperfect though it is, it is one of the most moving of all his novels. The central theme is the collapse of morale that Fitzgerald himself suffered from and described.

Wolfe was busy writing the second chapter in the big book which he wrote all his life, "Of Time and the River" which appeared in 1935. The critical acclaim which greeted this book exceeded even that accorded his first. Compared to Dreiser, Dostoyevsky, Whitman, and Proust, Wolfe was praised exorbitantly and criticized unmercifully. More than one critic felt that Wolfe was, as Robert Penn Warren suggested, an Asheville, N. C. Hamlet who produced merely the notes for a novel that were little more than confused records of an unusual personality. "And meanwhile it may be well to remember that Shakespeare merely wrote Hamlet, he was not Hamlet."¹²

Wolfe however, depicted the whole of American life where Fitzgerald had only touched upon the rich. Joseph Warren Beach, in speaking of this ability to explore the bourgeois levels from newsboys and boardinghouse keepers to wealthy merchants and financiers, says that Wolfe takes a poet's view of the aspirations of beauty, even when they are exploited in the struggle for money and power. "Whatever the heart desires is invested by him with a mystic rainbow luster. But he knew the ugliness and cruelty that accompany the process of seeking."¹³

Thus Fitzgerald who published only four novels and Wolfe whose output was the same, two of them posthumous volumes, were motivated from start to finish by the glittering, empty word that American life is based upon, "success." When they died at comparatively early ages, both had learned to minimize the importance of success and their disillusionment. They were just coming into the most objective phases of their work.

Wolfe's death in September, 1938, resulted from a cerebral infection brought on by pneu-

9. Andrews Manning, "Fitzgerald and His Brethren," *Partisan Review*, Fall, 1945.

10. Fitzgerald, *op. cit.*

11. Manning, *op. cit.*

12. Robert Penn Warren, "A Note on the Hamlet of Thomas Wolfe," *American Review*, May 1935, pp. 171-208.

13. Joseph Warren Beach, *American Fiction: 1920-1940*

monia. He left millions of words of manuscript from which the George Webber novels, "The Web and the Rock," and "You Can't Go Home Again" and the unfinished "The Hills Beyond" were culled by his editor. In his thirty-seven years, he had come to know something of peace after many years of wandering, and his style was beginning to show it. An anonymous review in *Newsweek* sums up the opinion of many critics of Wolfe's last book. "Although it shows to some extent the familiar flavor of all Wolfe's writing—bombast and rhetoric—the new novel is far and away the finest, most mature book he ever wrote."

Scott Fitzgerald's body left a life in which his soul had long ago ceased to find pleasure in December 1940. Tawdy, cheap Hollywood where he had been working as a script writer for three years was the scene for the final act of his tragedy. Ill health, diminution of his fabulous income, alcohol and the feeling that he had abused his talent as a writer had caused F. Scott Fitzgerald to feel that he was a "cracked plate."

Like Wolfe, he too left an unfinished novel that such critics as Edmund Wilson and J. Donald Adams acclaimed as his most mature work. Adams said that Fitzgerald had grown and developed as an observer of American life.

"His sudden death, we see now, was as tragic as that of Thomas Wolfe." This novel was about one phase of American life, Hollywood and the movies. It was called "The Last Tycoon," and it investigated Hollywood in a way that had never been done before.

Though they differed in a hundred minor ways, the St. Paul socialite and the North Carolina school teacher were spiritual brothers. The futility and waste of the gifted and magnificent, the frustration and lack of that is characteristic of our American life as a whole and that of discipline our literary geniuses in particular was all depicted by Wolfe and Fitzgerald with truth and beauty.

George Webber sums it up in "You Can't Go Home Again" when he writes to his friend, "Since childhood I had wanted what all men want in youth: to be famous and to be loved. These two desires went back through all the steps, degrees, and shadings of my education; they represented what we younglings of the time had been taught to believe and want. Love and fame . . . I wanted them desperately before I had them, but once they were mine I found they were not enough."

BETTY THOMPSON

EDGAR ALLEN POE

"Like a ghost out of the past you keep coming back . . ." Yes, Edgar Allan Poe keeps coming back. Though you have been dead almost a hundred years, your name is known throughout the world as one of the greatest

writers. Hardly a year passes that does not bring forth a new biography or a new edition of some of your works.

Poe's writings are the voice of today—the voice of troubled men and women in a chaotic

world crying for help and understanding.

Poe knew and understood the death wish long before Freud explained it to us. This is in evidence most especially in his poems. Most of his poems were written in the two most unhappy periods of his life—the years after his expulsion from the Allan home previous to his marriage to Virginia Clemm and the last five years of his life. Perhaps the death wish is most clearly visible in "The Conqueror Worm." This same theme is shown in "Alone" also, though perhaps not so clearly.

Poe defined poetry as music combined with a pleasurable idea. Sound was the most important factor in all of his poems. In fact, sound sometimes takes the place of sense as it does in portions of "Ulalume." Because of his striving for tonal and associational significance, he was years ahead of his contemporaries. He might be called one of the forerunners of modern poetry. The French Symbolists carried his work further, and many of our present day poets have drawn freely from their ideas.

Poe once said, "With me poetry has not been a purpose but a passion." This is especially to be noted in two of his most famous poems—"To Helen" and "Annabel Lee." In "To Helen," the lines, "to the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," depict the highest possible honor that can be given to a woman by comparing her beauty to that of the beauty of the great world of the ancients. "Annabel Lee" tears at the heartstrings. We suffer deeply as Annabel Lee is lost to her lover. No mere poetry could move us so had not the writer been crying from the innermost depths of his soul.

Poe felt the strong power violence could evoke in the hearts of men, but it was left to the writer of today to re-discover this power. A

little known story, "Hop Frog," is the best example of this violence. Hop Frog was a gnarled and twisted midget whose sole existence centered around the whims of a king. Unable to stand the abuse and ridicule any longer, Hop Frog retaliated with a violent vengeance that was equal to any of the tortures of Hitler's Gestapo.

No modern psychological thriller can bring more terror to our hearts than some of Poe's short stories. No suspense story can equal "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Pit and the Pendulum."

Long before psychiatrists gave the title of schizophrenia to those burdened by a dual existence—a split personality—, Poe used the theme of the double self. "The Man in the Crowd," is a superb example of this and also is "William Wilson" to a lesser degree.

Poe has often been termed the founder of the modern mystery novel. Certainly Ellery Queen is no more scientifically deductive than Poe in his story of "The Gold Bug." "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" demonstrates Poe's genius in posing and solving mysteries.

Most important of all, almost all of Poe's work has one underlying theme—that of inner conflict. This is true of so much of the writings of today. It is no wonder that Poe is read so avidly. He is expressing the hopes, fears, and desires of our generations with a mastery that is seldom equalled.

Perhaps Poe can best be summed up in the words of Carl Van Doren Stern.

"He was the great romantic, the man who burned himself out in a blaze of tragic glory. He paid dearly for immortality, gave his whole life to attain it. But in his terms it was probably worth the cost."

NINA GODWIN

ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning an "obscure genius?" Give him that name if you will, but his so-called "obscurity" has been over-emphasized by critic and admirer alike, and the woman who knew him best said his genius was the least important thing about him. Perhaps he is difficult to understand as a man and as a poet because his was a magnificent intellect, yet he was devoid of intellectual egotism; because he achieved greatness in his lifetime, and remained always a simple, natural, truly humble man. He took it for granted, in that un-selfconscious manner of his, that his readers thought as he did; he never "talked down" to them; what he wrote was to him, the natural expression of obvious thoughts.

In view of Browning's reputation for obscurity and the fact that he had a most unusual education, it seems strange to say he was a conventional man who lived a conventional life. Such was the case. G. K. Chesterton says, "His intellect went upon bewildering voyages, but his soul walked in a straight road." Browning experienced a happy, normal childhood in Samberwell; he loved and was loved by his family; his whole life followed an ordered pattern. He admired society, fashion and even wealth; he enjoyed dinner parties and participated in social events of all kinds; he wished to be a man of the world. He was, in short, a "thoroughly typical Englishman of the middle class." Extremely fastidious, he looked at slovenness with hatred born of a deep-rooted Puritan instinct; both George Sand and spiritualists filled him with disgust. Browning wrote poetry because it was the natural thing for him to do. The subjects he wrote about are conventional in the truest meaning of the word for he dealt with life and death and love, with man's hunger for bread and his desire for immortality.

In the play, "The Barretts," Browning makes a significant statement, he says, "It is only when people are unhappy that they are unconventional." Here then is a simple explanation of Browning's conventionality, for he was, above all, a happy man. If anyone lived the abundant life, it was Robert Browning. He definitely and consciously enjoyed the life he lived. Learning was to him a heady excitement; he was easily pleased, liking nearly everything he read and most of the people he knew; he had a keen awareness of the good and beautiful around him, of the richness of life and he enjoyed with an ardent intensity being everything he was—poet, lover, husband, and friend.

Browning had genuine admiration for other people. In his simple and heartfelt appreciation for the great men of his day, in his delight in their success, we find the elemental honesty of his nature. While men like Carlyle, Tennyson, Arnold and Ruskin had certain fears peculiar to their age, a restlessness and a jealousy of their own, Browning alone stood fearless. He lacked the motives that lead them to condemn each other; he made it easy for temperamental men like Landor and Carlyle to get along with and like him. He was in all ways magnanimous.

It is obvious throughout Browning's works that he attached the greatest importance to the study of the development of the soul. Chesterton says he did not love humanity, but man. He was extremely conscious of the individual; he had a profound sense of the sanctity of human differences, and a hungry interest in all human things. Time after time, he slashed decisively through the surface to get at the core of reality in a man's character. He created no poetic forms through which to bare a man's soul. Per-

haps it is the deep basic goodness of Browning's own personality that made him believe in and seek for the good hidden in others. He dealt with sinners whom even the sinners had cast out; he "dethroned a saint in order to humanize a scoundrel."

This feeling for man was a part of Browning's wonderful optimism. It was no Polyanna attitude; it was the firm faith of a vigorous man who gloried in sheer existence, who saw life itself as a work of God, and who believed the world was good because he saw so much good in it. His optimism was based upon primitive emotions deeper than intellect; his faith was founded on joyful experience. He believed that each of us has been given a confidence from God, that each life has definite purpose. At the great emotional crisis in his life he had acted as he felt was right; he was afterward genuinely and simply pleased and proud of the success of his elopement with his Ba and her subsequent health and happiness. He filled his poems with crucial situations in which a character's success depended on his following his inner promptings. No matter how rough some of those characters may be, they always speak with confidence and conviction on one subject—their relation to God. This is the result of Browning's own sureness; he was untroubled by doubts; he prided himself on his manliness, and he met life as a challenge, he welcomed each new experience, and he had no black fears

of the unknown.

Even in his last days Browning was vigorous and active, for time did not lessen his energetic enjoyment of life. He chose to die as he had lived—bravely and happily; he did not wish that "death should bind his eyes and bid him creep past." He scorned pessimists who grew morbid about death. He called death "our church-yardy and crape-paper word for change, for growth, without which there could be no prolongation of that which we call life.

On the day Browning died, "Asalando" was published, that poem that describes its author better than others' words can, as

*"One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,*

*Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,*

*Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."*

This is the man who asked "Never say of me that I am dead." And how can it be said that Robert Browning is dead, when one has only to read about his life, or better still, read the man in his poetry, to feel an upsurge of his own optimism, and glory in a reaffirmation of his faith that

*"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"*

ELIZABETH HARMAN

THE BEST LAID PLANS

Part II

(The Story Thus Far.)

When suave Bob Loy had a wreck in the Delaware river, he swam out on the Pennsylvania side, but insisted that his rescuer, Celeste Arseen, drive him back to Jersey to a hospital.

Later he said he swam out on the Jersey side of the river; though Celeste did not understand his mysterious action, she was so attracted by him, that she kept his secret. And Bob seemed to return the sudden liking.

It was late in March when Celeste got her first vacation. Lydia suggested a week-end at their cottage at the shore.

"Mother . . ."

"Yes. You may ask Bob. It's about time I met him anyway."

"You'll love him," Celeste promised gaily.

"I hope not. One in the family in your condition is enough." Lydia laughed as she wiped the last plate and folded the towel over the rack. She was surprised as she turned to see Celeste's face become serious.

"Mother, why do you suppose he's never come when we've asked him over?"

Lydia made an effort at a grin, "Well, maybe we live on the wrong side of the river for the great Mr. Loy."

"Mother!" Celeste cried sharply.

Lydia was amazed at the alarm on Celeste's face. She knew she had said something she hadn't meant. Gently she took Celeste's hands.

"What is it Celeste?"

Celeste released her hands and began putting away the dishes. She was remembering that first night she'd seen Bob . . . remembering it with a queer feeling inside. She knew her mother was watching her as she carefully stacked the dishes.

"A lot of these plates are chipped, Mother."

"Don't you want to tell me?"

"It's nothing," Celeste lied. But when she turned and saw the hurt kindness in Lydia's eyes, she found herself pouring out the story of that night.

"He's never been in Pennsylvania since, that I know of," she ended. "You should have seen how glad, how relieved he was when I told him I only stayed over here with you on week-ends."

During the story Celeste had not looked at her mother. Now she raised her eyes. Lydia's

face was shocked, ashen. Her eyes looked through Celeste, to narrow at something beyond, to deny that something, to fight it, to struggle fiercely under its power.

"Bob Loy. Robert L. Anderson."

"Mother, what are you mumbling?"

The mask of serenity fell quickly. "I said, have you ever asked him?"

"No, he doesn't expect me to."

"Celeste, it would make you feel so much better." Lydia forced a confident smile. "All men have some crazy ideas. He may have a big bet on that he can stay out of Pennsylvania for six months or something like that. Why don't you ask him tonight?"

"You think I should?"

"Yes."

"All right."

But as Celeste went from the room, Lydia was not smiling. Her face was drawn with a fear she didn't want to meet.

"Bob Loy—Robert L. Anderson . . ."

* * * * *

Lydia waited up for Celeste that night. At last she heard the drive gravel crunch under the car. There was the slam of the car door, the sliding of the garage panels, and Celeste's even heel-clicking over the walk. Lydia picked up a book; she did not want to betray herself. The steps came up the stairs.

"That you Celeste?"

The door opened. "Yes, Mother."

"Good time?"

"Wonderful."

"How about a snack?"

"No thanks; we leave early, you know." She paused at the door and said distinctly without looking back, "Bob says he turns into a pink squirrel when he comes to Pennsylvania."

The door closed quietly behind her. Firmly.

Lydia remained quite still.

* * * * *

She was standing on the porch looking out at the foam-capped waves that folded over and into each other along the beach when Bob drove up to the cottage the next afternoon. Celeste had been plucking the petals from a daisy and chanting "He loves me, He loves me not. He loves me . . ." Now she ran lightly to the car as he climbed out. As he slipped an arm around her, he looked up at the house once. Just once. For a moment the world blurred before Lydia; she reeled back against the porch railing. Her throat her heart went dry and hot. It had been eleven years, but she was sure. He hadn't changed. She had expected it, she knew, yet to see him . . .

"Bob, this is Mother," Celeste was laughing.

Bob Loy met her eyes. The years fell away, and he was back in a Camden courtroom looking into those same horrified eyes. Those same lips were saying, "Murderer! God give you what this court will not!" Now the lips said nothing.

"Mrs. Norris," he said tonelessly.

She could only look; she could not form the words.

"Mother—for heaven's sake!"

Somehow Lydia tore her eyes from him. She was looking at Celeste when she said, "Will you leave now?"

"Mrs. Norris, I must . . ."

All the old helplessness, the hopeless hatred of the courtroom was back.

"How dare you? How could you? Even you—how . . ." But she was trembling so much she could not finish.

"How could I know Celeste Arseen's mother was Mrs. Frank Norris?" He did not expect an answer. There was none. He turned to the stunned girl at his side, "Goodbye dear."

Celeste did not move; she wanted to stop him. She wanted to hold on to him, but she

couldn't. She watched him go slowly to the big car. The half plucked daisy dropped to the ground. The last petal had been, "He loves me not."

Lydia never could have told her. The old clippings—the pictures—they were enough. It was all there on the yellowed pages. The ugly headlines: "Murder Legal—Murderer Released" burnt into Celeste's brain like a brand. She forced her eyes down the columns.

"Robert L. Anderson, young lawyer kills Dr. Frank Norris." "Absolutely refuses to give explanation." —"Says society is better rid of blundering fools." "Anderson recently dismissed from bar for giving criminal counsel." On July 27, two left columns of the Philadelphia Bulletin were captioned "Anderson's plan." Celeste smoothed the sheet on the table . . .

"Robert Anderson shot Dr. Norris during a visit at the former's home at 10:40 a.m. Saturday. He then drove from Philadelphia to Camden, where he deposited \$1,500 in two different banks, the Jersey Consolidated, and the First National. From the banks he drove to the Packard building where he bought a new \$1,500 Packard. He drew a check for the full amount against the Jersey Consolidated Bank to pay for the car. When the dealer checked, the bank okayed the account. It was then 12:30. Anderson went straight from the Packard building to the Jersey bank, where he withdrew the \$1,500. He then drove back onto the Delaware River Bridge, deliberately speeding on the bridge. When police stopped him on the Pennsylvania side for violation of traffic regulations, Anderson became aggressive and excited. Police then recognized the car as one they were on the lookout for from Jersey. As Anderson had calculated, the Packard Company had rushed the check through in their Saturday weekly deposit before the bank closed at one o'clock. By then, Anderson had withdrawn his funds, and the car was unpaid for. The Packard Company

notified Jersey police of the assumed theft. Now the Jersey police asked Anderson to return to New Jersey to face the charge. Anderson flatly refused, so that Jersey police were forced to draw up extradition papers for the removal of the car thief. They often pointed out that he might as well go voluntarily, but Anderson would not. When presented with the extradition papers, however, he no longer resisted. Once back in Jersey Anderson merely explained that it had all been a mistake, and wrote out a check for \$1,500 on First National, which was able to cover it. The Packard Company dropped charges, and, as Anderson left the police station, he informed the police he had shot a man that morning in Pennsylvania. On checking, police found the body of Dr. Norris locked in Anderson's cellar at 3250 Cheltanham, Philadelphia. When they tried to get Anderson to return to Philadelphia, Anderson again refused to cross the state line. Upon threat of extradition papers, he pulled out his ace. As a lawyer, he knew extradition papers were only legal if a man fled from one state where he'd been criminally involved to another for protection. Anderson had legal proof. He had not fled, had not desired to leave Pennsylvania, had been forced to by New Jersey police. No papers could be, therefore, drawn up. Although Anderson refused to return to the state where the crime had been committed and could be tried, a pseudo-trial was held in Camden, at the plea of the widow, Mrs. Frank Norris in a vain effort to find some way around Anderson's clever plan. But Anderson walked out of court this afternoon a free man as long as he does not return to Pennsylvania."

Celeste stopped reading. So cold—it had been so very cold. She knew now what the meaning of his flight to Jersey had been. At last she could cry. She dropped her head into her arms on the table and cried for a long time.

Dusk had settled when Celeste at last lifted

her wet face. Lydia had gone for a ride after getting Celeste the scrapbooks. Celeste wished she would return. Just then headlights swung into the drive.

But it was not Lydia; it was Bob!

The clippings were still scattered across the table when he came in.

"Celeste"

She did not answer him, but when he slipped his arms around her, she began to cry again.

"Celeste, Celeste, darling. I know. If only I could make you understand."

"Bob—Bob, why? Why did you do it?"

She drew back her head and lifted her face.

"You know you can kill me with one word," he said quietly.

"Yes, I know."

There was a long silence and then Bob said "Will you take a ride with me? I want to tell you about it." He picked up a jacket from the chair. She didn't know why, but she slid her arms into it.

* * * * *

They found a little place eight miles up the beach. Bob had a fifth and he mixed drinks himself as they sat on the cool veranda. He told her a lot of things—about his family, about his school, about the mistake that got him dishonorably discharged from the bar. Celeste's world was beginning to cloud again. She was so tired, so very tired. Once she thought of Lydia, but, even as she struggled to hold onto it, it quickly slipped away again. She tried to rivet her eyes on his face.

"You haven't told me yet."

"Let me have one more drink, darling."

He poured her another drink, dropped the ice into the glass and stirred. Somewhere inside someone played "Always." The strains filtered through the French doors.

"Need a helping hand," Bob said softly after the music.

"I will understand," the record sang.

It was a horribly anxious wait for Lydia back at the cottage until Bob's car swung into the drive. She went weak with relief. Then Celeste was safe. They came up the walk together. Lydia thought she had never seen Celeste look so terrible.

"Mother."

Lydia spoke to Bob. "I've called Judge Kum-mels."

"What for?"

"Do I have to tell you?"

"May I say it would be foolish to consider another trial?"

"Foolish?"

"Yes, the result would be the same."

"You are forgetting you've been back to Pennsylvania and left again."

"You forget there is only one witness."

"But there is one."

Celeste sat down on the sofa and closed her eyes.

Bob's voice was smooth. "A woman cannot testify against her husband."

The room swam, the walls swayed together, the edges were getting dark—black. There was a windy roar growing—growing. The floor became steamy, seemed to rise, to—

"Mother!" Celeste screamed and Bob caught her neatly as Lydia fell.

* * * * *

Bob left Celeste with Lydia that night. Two days later their wedding was announced in Camden papers, and Celeste went home to pack her things to join Bob in Camden. Lydia never said a word.

Bob was completely satisfied as he entered his own apartment in Camden the second night after his marriage. He was whistling as he switched the light on.

"Hello." It was a woman. She was sitting

in a chair by the window. By the number of cigarette stubs in the ash tray at her fingers' ends, Bob knew she had waited some time.

"What's the deal?"

"I'm Mrs. Edith Cavers."

"It doesn't click."

She shrugged. "Maybe I should say I was Dr. Frank Norris' nurse."

The glass Bob had picked up thudded to the carpet. After a moment he said, "Which means?"

"Which means I'm acquainted with a woman at Byberry in Philadelphia—diagnosed as cortex injury—post operative."

Bob warily began pouring another drink. His nerves were like steel.

"Which means?"

"Which means you couldn't be divorced. You wouldn't even try that. Pennsylvania law won't let a man divorce an insane woman."

Bob took a long drink. "My wife died six years ago."

The woman just smiled.

"All right," Bob said hoarsely. "How much do you want?"

"Ten thousand," she purred.

He didn't argue. He wrote the check. That he had a wife in an insane asylum must not be discovered now; the marriage to Celeste must not be voided.

"Narlene was very beautiful, Mr. Anderson," Mrs. Carvers said as she neatly tucked the check in her bag. "It was so stupid—so unnecessary, so——"

"Shut up," Bob snarled. "Shut up and get out."

* * * * *

Celeste had finished packing and was going to bed for the last time in Pennsylvania. Tomorrow she would join Bob in Camden. Lydia

had come in and managed to wish her happiness. She had said, "Frank's dead. You're alive, dear. I want your love. I—I hope this works out."

Celeste was terribly tired inside, but, also, there was a peace she had not known in a long time.

Outside her window a star clung to the crescent of the moon. She sighed. And then she heard it. It rang twice and then twice again. Their ring. She did not hear Lydia answer:

"Hello. Who? Oh, hello, Judge Rummels. What? What's that?" Lydia's voice went dead. "You are quite sure?" she asked tonelessly. "I

don't know. I'll tell her . . . Not for several weeks . . . Celeste couldn't possibly take the stand till then." Lydia dropped the phone into the cradle. She picked up a cigarette and flicked up her lighter. The cigarette lit; she dropped the lighter down beside the phone, and started for the stairs.

Upstairs Celeste dropped the extension phone into its cradle too. When Lydia reached the room she did not have to say:

"Celeste,—a Mrs. Cravers has been to see Judge Rummels . . ."

Celeste could not hear her.

LEANORE DIPPY

don't know. I'll tell her. . . Not for several
years. . . . Collette couldn't possibly take the
stand with them. I told her the phone was
broken. She picked up a cigarette and looked
up at her father. The cigarette lit, she dropped
the lighted match beside the phone and started
for the stairs.
I guess Collette dropped the extension
phone into its cradle too. When I did reach
the room she did not have to say:
"Collette—a Miss Collette has been in—"
Judge Remond.
Collette said her father
LEARNED THAT

and he measured to with her hands
stretched out, his head, his arms
and hands. I told her the phone
was broken. She picked up a cigarette and
looked up at her father. The cigarette lit,
she dropped the lighted match beside the
phone and started for the stairs.
I guess Collette dropped the extension
phone into its cradle too. When I did reach
the room she did not have to say:
"Collette—a Miss Collette has been in—"
Judge Remond.
Collette said her father
LEARNED THAT